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THE  
TENT ON THE BEACH  
BY  
WHITTIER

No.

*Raphu Deming*

Terre-Haute, Ind.



Please do not delay the return.

Sophie Deming -

A souvenir of her visit to Kansas.

June . 1867

Deming

1840

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THE  
TENT ON THE BEACH

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



BOSTON:  
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.  
1867.

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I WOULD not sin, in this half-playful strain, —

Too light perhaps for serious years, though born  
Of the enforced leisure of slow pain, —

Against the pure ideal which has drawn  
My feet to follow its far-shining gleam.

A simple plot is mine : legends and runes  
Of credulous days, old fancies that have lain  
Silent from boyhood taking voice again,  
Warmed into life once more, even as the tunes  
That, frozen in the fabled hunting-horn,  
Thawed into sound : — a winter fireside dream  
Of dawns and sunsets by the summer sea,  
Whose sands are traversed by a silent throng  
Of voyagers from that vaster mystery  
Of which it is an emblem ; — and the dear  
Memory of one who might have tuned my song  
To sweeter music by her delicate ear.

1st month, 1867.



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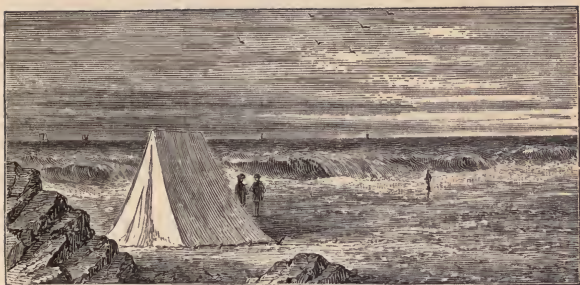
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THE TENT ON THE BEACH.





## THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

WHEN heats as of a tropic clime  
Burned all our inland valleys through,  
Three friends, the guests of summer time,  
Pitched their white tent where sea-winds blew.  
Behind them, marshes, seamed and crossed  
With narrow creeks, and flower-embossed,  
Stretched to the dark oak wood, whose leafy arms  
Screened from the stormy East the pleasant inland  
farms.

At full of tide their bolder shore  
Of sun-bleached sand the waters beat ;  
At ebb, a smooth and glistening floor  
They touched with light, receding feet.  
Northward a green bluff broke the chain  
Of sand-hills ; southward stretched a plain  
Of salt grass, with a river winding down,  
Sail-whitened, and beyond the steeples of the town,

Whence sometimes, when the wind was light  
And dull the thunder of the beach,  
They heard the bells of morn and night  
Swing, miles away, their silver speech.  
Above low scarp and turf-grown wall  
They saw the fort flag rise and fall ;  
And, the first star to signal twilight's hour,  
The lamp-fire glimmer down from the tall light-  
house tower.



They rested there, escaped awhile  
From cares that wear the life away,  
To eat the lotus of the Nile  
And drink the poppies of Cathay,—  
To fling their loads of custom down,  
Like drift-weed, on the sand-slopes brown,  
And in the sea waves drown the restless pack  
Of duties, claims, and needs that barked upon their  
track.

One, with his beard scarce silvered, bore  
A ready credence in his looks,  
A lettered magnate, lording o'er  
An ever-widening realm of books.  
In him brain-currents, near and far,  
Converged as in a Leyden jar ;  
The old, dead authors thronged him round about,  
And Elzévir's gray ghosts from leathern graves  
looked out.

He knew each living pundit well,  
    Could weigh the gifts of him or her,  
And well the market value tell  
    Of poet and philosopher.  
But if he lost, the scenes behind,  
    Somewhat of reverence vague and blind,  
Finding the actors human at the best,  
No readier lips than his the good he saw confessed.

His boyhood fancies not outgrown,  
    He loved himself the singer's art ;  
Tenderly, gently, by his own  
    He knew and judged an author's heart.  
No Rhadamanthine brow of doom  
    Bowed the dazed pedant from his room ;  
And bards, whose name is legion, if denied,  
Bore off alike intact their verses and their pride.

Pleasant it was to roam about

The lettered world as he had done,

And see the lords of song without

Their singing robes and garlands on.

With Wordsworth paddle Rydal mere,

Taste rugged Elliott's home-brewed beer,

And with the ears of Rogers, at fourscore,

Hear Garrick's buskined tread and Walpole's wit

once more.

And one there was, a dreamer born,

Who, with a mission to fulfil,

Had left the Muses' haunts to turn

The crank of an opinion-mill,

Making his rustic reed of song

A weapon in the war with wrong,

Yoking his fancy to the breaking-plough

That beam-deep turned the soil for truth to spring

and grow.

Too quiet seemed the man to ride  
The winged Hippogriff Reform ;  
Was his a voice from side to side  
To pierce the tumult of the storm ?  
A silent, shy, peace-loving man,  
He seemed no fiery partisan  
To hold his way against the public frown,  
The ban of Church and State, the fierce mob's  
hounding down.

For while he wrought with strenuous will  
The work his hands had found to do,  
He heard the fitful music still  
Of winds that out of dream-land blew.  
The din about him could not drown  
What the strange voices whispered down ;  
Along his task-field weird processions swept,  
The visionary pomp of stately phantoms stepped.

The common air was thick with dreams, —  
He told them to the toiling crowd ;  
Such music as the woods and streams  
Sang in his ear he sang aloud ;  
In still, shut bays, on windy capes,  
He heard the call of beckoning shapes,  
And, as the gray old shadows prompted him,  
To homely moulds of rhyme he shaped their legends grim.

He rested now his weary hands,  
And lightly moralized and laughed,  
As, tracing on the shifting sands  
A burlesque of his paper-craft,  
He saw the careless waves o'errun  
His words, as time before had done,  
Each day's tide-water washing clean away,  
Like letters from the sand, the work of yesterday.

And one, whose Arab face was tanned  
By tropic sun and boreal frost,  
So travelled there was scarce a land  
Or people left him to exhaust,  
In idling mood had from him hurled  
The poor squeezed orange of the world,  
And in the tent-shade, as beneath a palm,  
Smoked, cross-legged like a Turk, in Oriental calm.

The very waves that washed the sand  
Below him, he had seen before  
Whitening the Scandinavian strand  
And sultry Mauritanian shore.  
From ice-rimmed isles, from summer seas  
Palm-fringed, they bore him messages ;  
He heard the plaintive Nubian songs again,  
And mule-bells tinkling down the mountain-paths  
of Spain.

His memory round the ransacked earth  
On Ariel's girdle slid at ease ;  
And, instant, to the valley's girth  
Of mountains, spice isles of the seas,  
Faith flowered in minster stones, Art's guess  
At truth and beauty, found access ;  
Yet loved the while, that free cosmopolite,  
Old friends, old ways, and kept his boyhood's  
dreams in sight.

Untouched as yet by wealth and pride,  
That virgin innocence of beach :  
No shingly monster, hundred-eyed,  
Stared its gray sand-birds out of reach ;  
Unhoused, save where, at intervals,  
The white tents showed their canvas walls,  
Where brief sojourners, in the cool, soft air,  
Forgot their inland heats, hard toil, and year-long  
care.

Sometimes along the wheel-deep sand  
A one-horse wagon slowly crawled,  
Deep laden with a youthful band,  
Whose look some homestead old recalled ;  
Brother perchance, and sisters twain,  
And one whose blue eyes told, more plain  
Than the free language of her rosy lip,  
Of the still dearer claim of love's relationship.

With cheeks of russet-orchard tint,  
The light laugh of their native rills,  
The perfume of their garden's mint,  
The breezy freedom of the hills,  
They bore, in unrestrained delight,  
The motto of the Garter's knight,  
Careless as if from every gazing thing  
Hid by their innocence, as Gyges by his ring.



The clanging sea-fowl came and went,  
The hunter's gun in the marshes rang ;  
At nightfall from a neighboring tent  
A flute-voiced woman sweetly sang.  
Loose-haired, barefooted, hand in hand,  
Young girls went tripping down the sand ;  
And youths and maidens, sitting in the moon,  
Dreamed o'er the old fond dream from which we  
wake too soon.

At times their fishing-lines they plied,  
With an old Triton at the oar,  
Salt as the sea-wind, tough and dried  
As a lean cusk from Labrador.  
Strange tales he told of wreck and storm,—  
Had seen the sea-snake's awful form,  
And heard the ghosts on Haley's Isle complain,  
Speak him off shore, and beg a passage to old  
Spain !

And there, on breezy morns, they saw  
The fishing-schooners outward run,  
Their low-bent sails in tack and flaw  
Turned white or dark to shade and sun.  
Sometimes, in calms of closing day,  
They watched the spectral mirage play,  
Saw low, far islands looming tall and nigh,  
And ships, with upturned keels, sail like a sea the  
sky.

Sometimes a cloud, with thunder black,  
Stooped low upon the darkening main,  
Piercing the waves along its track  
With the slant javelins of rain.  
And when west-wind and sunshine warm  
Chased out to sea its wrecks of storm,  
They saw the prisms in thin spray showers  
Where the green buds of waves burst into white  
froth flowers.

And when along the line of shore  
The mists crept upward chill and damp,  
Stretched, careless, on their sandy floor  
Beneath the flaring lantern lamp,  
They talked of all things old and new,  
Read, slept, and dreamed as idlers do ;  
And in the unquestioned freedom of the tent,  
Body and o'er-taxed mind to healthful ease unbent.

Once, when the sunset splendors died,  
And, trampling up the sloping sand,  
In lines outreaching far and wide,  
The white-maned billows swept to land,  
Dim seen across the gathering shade,  
A vast and ghostly cavalcade,  
They sat around their lighted kerosene,  
Hearing the deep bass roar their every pause be-  
tween.

Then, urged thereto, the Editor  
    Within his full portfolio dipped,  
Feigning excuse while searching for  
    (With secret pride) his manuscript.  
His pale face flushed from eye to beard,  
With nervous cough his throat he cleared,  
And, in a voice so tremulous it betrayed  
The anxious fondness of an author's heart, he read :

#### THE WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH.

RIVERMOUTH Rocks are fair to see,  
    By dawn or sunset shone across,  
When the ebb of the sea has left them free,  
    To dry their fringes of gold-green moss :  
For there the river comes winding down  
From salt sea-meadows and uplands brown,  
And waves on the outer rocks afoam  
Shout to its waters, "Welcome home !"

And fair are the sunny isles in view  
    East of the grisly Head of the Boar,  
And Agamenticus lifts its blue  
    Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er ;  
And southerly, when the tide is down,  
'Twixt white sea-waves and sand-hills brown,  
The beach-birds dance and the gray gulls wheel  
Over a floor of burnished steel.

Once, in the old Colonial days,  
    Two hundred years ago and more,  
A boat sailed down through the winding ways  
    Of Hampton River to that low shore,  
Full of a goodly company  
Sailing out on the summer sea,  
Veering to catch the land-breeze light,  
With the Boar to left and the Rocks to right.

In Hampton meadows, where mowers laid  
Their scythes to the swaths of salted grass,  
“Ah, well-a-day! our hay must be made!”

A young man sighed, who saw them pass.  
Loud laughed his fellows to see him stand  
Whetting his scythe with a listless hand,  
Hearing a voice in a far-off song,  
Watching a white hand beckoning long.

“Fie on the witch!” cried a merry girl,  
As they rounded the point where Goody Cole  
Sat by her door with her wheel atwirl,  
A bent and blear-eyed poor old soul.  
“Oho!” she muttered, “ye ’re brave to-day!  
But I hear the little waves laugh and say,  
‘The broth will be cold that waits at home;  
For it’s one to go, but another to come!’”

“She ’s cursed,” said the skipper ; “speak her fair :

I ’m scary always to see her shake

Her wicked head, with its wild gray hair,

And nose like a hawk, and eyes like a snake.”

But merrily still, with laugh and shout,

From Hampton River the boat sailed out,

Till the huts and the flakes on Star seemed nigh,

And they lost the scent of the pines of Rye.

They dropped their lines in the lazy tide,

Drawing up haddock and mottled cod ;

They saw not the Shadow that walked beside,

They heard not the feet with silence shod.

But thicker and thicker a hot mist grew,

Shot by the lightnings through and through ;

And muffled growls, like the growl of a beast,

Ran along the sky from west to east.

Then the skipper looked from the darkening sea  
Up to the dimmed and wading sun ;  
But he spake like a brave man cheerily,  
“Yet there is time for our homeward run.”  
Veering and tacking, they backward wore ;  
And just as a breath from the woods ashore  
Blew out to whisper of danger past,  
The wrath of the storm came down at last !

The skipper hauled at the heavy sail :  
“God be our help !” he only cried,  
As the roaring gale, like the stroke of a flail,  
Smote the boat on its starboard side.  
The Shoalsmen looked, but saw alone  
Dark films of rain-cloud slantwise blown,  
Wild rocks lit up by the lightning’s glare,  
The strife and torment of sea and air.



Goody Cole looked out from her door :

The Isles of Shoals were drowned and gone,  
Scarcely she saw the Head of the Boar

Toss the foam from tusks of stone.

She clasped her hands with a grip of pain,

The tear on her cheek was not of rain :

“They are lost,” she muttered, “boat and crew !

Lord, forgive me ! my words were true !”

Suddenly seaward swept the squall ;

The low sun smote through cloudy rack ;

The Shoals stood clear in the light, and all

The trend of the coast lay hard and black.

But far and wide as eye could reach,

No life was seen upon wave or beach ;

The boat that went out at morning never

Sailed back again into Hampton River.

O mower, lean on thy bended snath,  
Look from the meadows green and low :  
The wind of the sea is a waft of death,  
The waves are singing a song of woe !  
By silent river, by moaning sea,  
Long and vain shall thy watching be :  
Never again shall the sweet voice call,  
Never the white hand rise and fall !

O Rivermouth Rocks, how sad a sight  
Ye saw in the light of breaking day !  
Dead faces looking up cold and white  
From sand and sea-weed where they lay  
The mad old witch-wife wailed and wept,  
And cursed the tide as it backward crept :  
“Crawl back, crawl back, blue water-snake !  
Leave your dead for the hearts that break !”

Solemn it was in that old day

In Hampton town and its log-built church,  
Where side by side the coffins lay

And the mourners stood in aisle and porch.  
In the singing-seats young eyes were dim,  
The voices faltered that raised the hymn,  
And Father Dalton, grave and stern,  
Sobbed through his prayer and wept in turn.

But his ancient colleague did not pray,

Because of his sin at fourscore years :  
He stood apart, with the iron-gray

Of his strong brows knitted to hide his tears.  
And a wretched woman, holding her breath  
In the awful presence of sin and death,  
Cowered and shrank, while her neighbors thronged  
To look on the dead her shame had wronged.

Apart with them, like them forbid,

Old Goody Cole looked drearily round,

As, two by two, with their faces hid,

The mourners walked to the burying-ground.

She let the staff from her clasped hands fall :

“ Lord, forgive us ! we ’re sinners all ! ”

And the voice of the old man answered her :

“ Amen ! ” said Father Bachiler.

So, as I sat upon Appledore

In the calm of a closing summer day,

And the broken lines of Hampton shore

In purple mist of cloudland lay,

The Rivermouth Rocks their story told ;

And waves aglow with sunset gold,

Rising and breaking in steady chime,

Beat the rhythm and kept the time.

And the sunset paled, and warmed once more  
With a softer, tenderer after-glow ;  
In the east was moon-rise, with boats off-shore  
And sails in the distance drifting slow.  
The beacon glimmered from Portsmouth bar,  
The White Isle kindled its great red star ;  
And life and death in my old-time lay  
Mingled in peace like the night and day !

---

“ Well ! ” said the Man of Books, “ your story  
Is not ill told in pleasant verse.  
As the Celt said of purgatory,  
One might go farther and fare worse.”  
The reader smiled ; and once again  
With steadier voice took up his strain,  
While the fair singer from the neighboring tent  
Drew near, and at his side a graceful listener bent.

## THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE.

WHERE the Great Lake's sunny smiles  
Dimple round its hundred isles,  
And the mountain's granite ledge  
Cleaves the water like a wedge,  
Ringed about with smooth, gray stones,  
Rest the giant's mighty bones.

Close beside, in shade and gleam,  
Laughs and ripples Melvin stream ;  
Melvin water, mountain-born,  
All fair flowers its banks adorn ;  
All the woodland's voices meet,  
Mingling with its murmurs sweet.

Over lowlands forest-grown,  
Over waters island-strown,  
Over silver-sanded beach,  
Leaf-locked bay and misty reach,  
Melvin stream and burial-heap,  
Watch and ward the mountains keep.

Who that Titan cromlech fills?  
Forest-kaiser, lord o' the hills?  
Knight who on the birchen tree  
Carved his savage heraldry?  
Priest o' the pine-wood temples dim,  
Prophet, sage, or wizard grim?

Rugged type of primal man,  
Grim utilitarian,  
Loving woods for hunt and prowl,

Lake and hill for fish and fowl,  
As the brown bear blind and dull  
To the grand and beautiful :

Not for him the lesson drawn  
From the mountains smit with dawn.  
Star-rise, moon-rise, flowers of May,  
Sunset's purple bloom of day, —  
Took his life no hue from thence,  
Poor amid such affluence ?

Haply unto hill and tree  
All too near akin was he :  
Unto him who stands afar  
Nature's marvels greatest are ;  
Who the mountain purple seeks  
Must not climb the higher peaks.



Yet who knows in winter tramp,  
Or the midnight of the camp,  
What revealings faint and far,  
Stealing down from moon and star,  
Kindled in that human clod  
Thought of destiny and God ?

Stateliest forest patriarch,  
Grand in robes of skin and bark,  
What sepulchral mysteries,  
What weird funeral-rites, were his ?  
What sharp wail, what drear lament,  
Back scared wolf and eagle sent ?

Now, whate'er he may have been,  
Low he lies as other men ;  
On his mound the partridge drums,

There the noisy blue-jay comes ;  
Rank nor name nor pomp has he  
In the grave's democracy.

Part thy blue lips, Northern lake !  
Moss-grown rocks, your silence break !  
Tell the tale, thou ancient tree !  
Thou, too, slide-worn Ossipee !  
Speak, and tell us how and when  
Lived and died this king of men !

Wordless moans the ancient pine ;  
Lake and mountain give no sign ;  
Vain to trace this ring of stones ;  
Vain the search of crumbling bones :  
Deepest of all mysteries,  
And the saddest, silence is.

Nameless, noteless, clay with clay  
Mingles slowly day by day ;  
But somewhere, for good or ill,  
That dark soul is living still ;  
Somewhere yet that atom's force  
Moves the light-poised universe.

Strange that on his burial-sod  
Harebells bloom, and golden-rod,  
While the soul's dark horoscope  
Holds no starry sign of hope !  
Is the Unseen with sight at odds ?  
Nature's pity more than God's ?

Thus I mused by Melvin side,  
While the summer eventide  
Made the woods and inland sea

And the mountains mystery ;  
And the hush of earth and air  
Seemed the pause before a prayer, —

Prayer for him, for all who rest,  
Mother Earth, upon thy breast, —  
Lapped on Christian turf, or hid  
In rock-cave or pyramid :  
All who sleep, as all who live,  
Well may need the prayer, " Forgive ! "

Desert-smothered caravan,  
Knee-deep dust that once was man,  
Battle-trenches ghastly piled,  
Ocean-floors with white bones tiled,  
Crowded tomb and mounded sod,  
Dumbly crave that prayer to God.

O the generations old  
Over whom no church-bells tolled,  
Christless, lifting up blind eyes  
To the silence of the skies !  
For the innumerable dead  
Is my soul disquieted.

Where be now these silent hosts ?  
Where the camping-ground of ghosts ?  
Where the spectral conscripts led  
To the white tents of the dead ?  
What strange shore or chartless sea  
Holds the awful mystery ?

Then the warm sky stooped to make  
Double sunset in the lake ;  
While above I saw with it,  
Range on range, the mountains lit ;

And the calm and splendor stole  
Like an answer to my soul.

Hear'st thou, O of little faith,  
What to thee the mountain saith,  
What is whispered by the trees?—  
“Cast on God thy care for these ;  
Trust him, if thy sight be dim :  
Doubt for them is doubt of Him.

“Blind must be their close-shut eyes  
Where like night the sunshine lies,  
Fiery-linked the self-forged chain  
Binding ever sin to pain,  
Strong their prison-house of will,  
But without He waiteth still.

“Not with hatred's undertow  
Doth the Love Eternal flow ;

Every chain that spirits wear  
Crumbles in the breath of prayer ;  
And the penitent's desire  
Opens every gate of fire.

“ Still Thy love, O Christ arisen,  
Yearns to reach these souls in prison !  
Through all depths of sin and loss  
Drops the plummet of Thy cross !  
Never yet abyss was found  
Deeper than that cross could sound ! ”

Therefore well may Nature keep  
Equal faith with all who sleep,  
Set her watch of hills around  
Christian grave and heathen mound,  
And to cairn and kirkyard send  
Summer's flowery dividend.

Keep, O pleasant Melvin stream,  
Thy sweet laugh in shade and gleam !  
On the Indian's grassy tomb  
Swing, O flowers, your bells of bloom !  
Deep below, as high above,  
Sweeps the circle of God's love.

---

He paused and questioned with his eye  
The hearers' verdict on his song.  
A low voice asked : " Is 't well to pry  
Into the secrets which belong  
Only to God ? — The life to be  
Is still the unguessed mystery :  
Our part is simple trust and reverent awe,  
For who hath known His mind, or been His coun-  
sellor ?



“But faith beyond our sight may go.”

He said: “The gracious Fatherhood  
Can only know above, below,  
Eternal purposes of good.  
From our free heritage of will,  
The bitter springs of pain and ill  
Flow only in all worlds. The perfect day  
Of God is shadowless, and love is love always.”

“I know,” she said, “the letter kills ;  
That on our arid fields of strife  
And heat of clashing texts distils  
The dew of spirit and of life.  
But, searching still the written Word,  
I fain would find, Thus saith the Lord,  
A voucher for the hope I also feel  
That sin can give no wound beyond love’s power  
to heal.”

“Pray,” said the Man of Books, “give o’er

A theme too vast for time and place.

Go on, Sir Poet, ride once more

Your hobby at his old free pace.

But let him keep, with step discreet,

The solid earth beneath his feet.

In the great mystery which around us lies,

The wisest is a fool, the fool Heaven helped is wise.”

The Traveller said : “ If songs have creeds,

Their choice of them let singers make ;

But Art no other sanction needs

Than beauty for its own fair sake.

It grinds not in the mill of use,

Nor asks for leave, nor begs excuse ;

It makes the flexile laws it deigns to own,

And gives its atmosphere its color and its tone.

“Confess, old friend, your austere school  
Has left your fancy little chance ;  
You square to reason’s rigid rule  
The flowing outlines of romance.  
With conscience keen from exercise,  
And chronic fear of compromise,  
You check the free play of your rhymes, to clap  
A moral underneath, and spring it like a trap.”

The sweet voice answered: “Better so  
Than bolder flights that know no check ;  
Better to use the bit, than throw  
The reins all loose on fancy’s neck.  
The liberal range of Art should be  
The breadth of Christian liberty,  
Restrained alone by challenge and alarm  
Where its charmed footsteps tread the border land  
of harm.

“Beyond the poet’s day-dream lives  
The eternal epic of the man.  
Be thanks to him who only gives,  
True to himself, the best he can.  
Of narrow scope his verse may seem,  
But rippled lake and singing stream  
Find fitting audience, in themselves complete  
As the great sea that rolls its thunder at our feet.

“In sight and sound, our rugged coast  
Shall tell of him from year to year,  
Nor lightly shall the lays be lost  
That homely firesides love to hear.  
For still on truth’s and nature’s tests  
The common heart its verdict rests ;  
By simple instinct guided in its choice,  
It loves the song that lends its own experience voice.”

Laughing, the Critic bowed. "I yield  
The point without another word ;  
Who ever yet a case appealed  
Where beauty's judgment had been heard ?  
And you, my good friend, owe to me  
Your warmest thanks for such a plea,  
As true withal as sweet. For my offence  
Of cavil, let her praise be ample recompense."

Across the sea one large, low star,  
With crimson light that came and went,  
Revolving on its tower afar,  
Looked through the doorway of the tent.  
While outward, over sand-slopes wet,  
The lamp flashed down its yellow jet  
On the long wash of waves, with red and green  
Tangles of weltering weed through the white foam-  
wreaths seen.

“ ‘Sing while we may, — another day  
May bring enough of sorrow ’; — thus  
Our Traveller in his own sweet lay,  
His Crimean camp-song, hints to us,”  
The lady said. “So let it be;  
Sing us a song,” exclaimed all three.  
She smiled: “I can but marvel at your choice  
To hear our poet’s words through my poor borrowed  
voice.”

Her window opens to the bay,  
On glistening light or misty gray,  
And there at dawn and set of day

In prayer she kneels:

“Dear Lord!” she saith, “to many a home  
From wind and wave the wanderers come;  
I only see the tossing foam  
Of stranger keels.

“Blown out and in by summer gales,  
The stately ships, with crowded sails,  
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,

    Before me glide ;

They come, they go, but nevermore,  
Spice-laden from the Indian shore,  
I see his swift-winged Isidore

    The waves divide.

“O Thou! with whom the night is day  
And one the near and far away,  
Look out on yon gray waste, and say

    Where lingers he.

Alive, perchance, on some lone beach  
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach  
Of man, he hears the mocking speech

    Of wind and sea.

“O dread and cruel deep, reveal  
The secret which thy waves conceal,  
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel  
And tell your tale.

Let winds that tossed his raven hair  
A message from my lost one bear, —  
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer  
Or dying wail!

“Come, with your dreariest truth shut out  
The fears that haunt me round about;  
O God! I cannot bear this doubt  
That stifles breath.

The worst is better than the dread;  
Give me but leave to mourn my dead  
Asleep in trust and hope, instead  
Of life in death!”



It might have been the evening breeze

That whispered in the garden trees,

It might have been the sound of seas

That rose and fell ;

But, with her heart, if not her ear,

The old loved voice she seemed to hear :

“I wait to meet thee : be of cheer,

For all is well !”

---

The sweet voice into silence went,

While a low murmur of applause

From lip to lip ran round the tent ;

And, after brief and fitting pause,

Glancing his written pages o'er,

The Reader tried his part once more ;

Leaving the land of hackmatack and pine

For Tuscan valleys glad with olive and with vine.

## THE BROTHER OF MERCY.

PIERO LUCA, known of all the town  
As the gray porter by the Pitti wall  
Where the noon shadows of the gardens fall,  
Sick and in dolor, waited to lay down  
His last sad burden, and beside his mat  
The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming garden drifted,  
Soft sunset lights through green Val d' Arno sifted ;  
Unheard, below the living shuttles shifted  
Backward and forth, and wove, in love or strife,  
In mirth or pain, the mottled web of life :  
But when at last came upward from the street  
Tinkle of bell, and tread of measured feet,  
The sick man started, strove to rise in vain,

Sinking back heavily with a moan of pain.

And the monk said, "'T is but the Brotherhood  
Of Mercy going on some errand good :

Their black masks by the palace-wall I see."

Piero answered faintly, "Woe is me !

This day for the first time in forty years

In vain the bell hath sounded in my ears,

Calling me with my brethren of the mask,

Beggar and prince alike, to some new task

Of love or pity, — haply from the street

To bear a wretch plague-stricken, or, with feet

Hushed to the quickened ear and feverish brain,

To tread the crowded lazaretto's floors,

Down the long twilight of the corridors,

'Midst tossing arms and faces full of pain.

I loved the work : it was its own reward.

I never counted on it to offset

My sins, which are many, or make less my debt

To the free grace and mercy of our Lord ;  
But somehow, father, it has come to be  
In these long years so much a part of me,  
I should not know myself, if lacking it,  
But with the work the worker too would die,  
And in my place some other self would sit  
Joyful or sad, — what matters, if not I ?  
And now all 's over. Woe is me !” — “ My son,”  
The monk said soothingly, “ thy work is done ;  
And no more as a servant, but the guest  
Of God thou enterest thy eternal rest.  
No toil, no tears, no sorrow for the lost  
Shall mar thy perfect bliss. Thou shalt sit down  
Clad in white robes, and wear a golden crown  
Forever and forever.” — Piero tossed  
On his sick pillow : “ Miserable me !  
I am too poor for such grand company ;  
The crown would be too heavy for this gray

Old head ; and God forgive me if I say  
It would be hard to sit there night and day,  
Like an image in the Tribune, doing naught  
With these hard hands, that all my life have wrought,  
Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.

I'm dull at prayers : I could not keep awake,  
Counting my beads. Mine's but a crazy head,  
Scarce worth the saving, if all else be dead.

And if one goes to heaven without a heart,  
God knows he leaves behind his better part.

I love my fellow-men ; the worst I know  
I would do good to. Will death change me so  
That I shall sit among the lazy saints,  
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints  
Of souls that suffer ? Why, I never yet  
Left a poor dog in the *strada* hard beset,  
Or ass o'erladen ! Must I rate man less  
Than dog or ass, in holy selfishness ?

Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the thought be sin !)  
The world of pain were better, if therein  
One's heart might still be human, and desires  
Of natural pity drop upon its fires  
Some cooling tears."

Thereat the pale monk crossed  
His brow, and, muttering, "Madman ! thou art lost !"  
Took up his pyx and fled ; and, left alone,  
The sick man closed his eyes with a great groan  
That sank into a prayer, "Thy will be done !"

Then was he made aware, by soul or ear,  
Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er him,  
And of a voice like that of her who bore him,  
Tender and most compassionate : "Never fear !  
For heaven is love, as God himself is love ;  
Thy work below shall be thy work above."  
And when he looked, lo ! in the stern monk's place  
He saw the shining of an angel's face !

---

The Traveller broke the pause. "I've seen  
The Brothers down the long street steal,  
Black, silent, masked, the crowd between,  
And felt to doff my hat and kneel  
With heart, if not with knee, in prayer,  
For blessings on their pious care."

The Reader wiped his glasses: "Friends of mine,  
We'll try our home-brewed next, instead of foreign  
wine."

## THE CHANGELING.

FOR the fairest maid in Hampton  
They needed not to search,  
Who saw young Anna Favor  
Come walking into church,—

Or bringing from the meadows,  
At set of harvest-day,  
The frolic of the blackbirds,  
The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,  
The saddest two-years bride,  
She scowls in the face of her husband,  
And spurns her child aside.

“Rake out the red coals, goodman, —  
For there the child shall lie,  
Till the black witch comes to fetch her,  
And both up chimney fly.

“It’s never my own little daughter,  
It’s never my own,” she said;  
“The witches have stolen my Anna,  
And left me an imp instead.



“O, fair and sweet was my baby,  
Blue eyes, and hair of gold ;  
But this is ugly and wrinkled,  
Cross, and cunning, and old.

“I hate the touch of her fingers,  
I hate the feel of her skin ;  
It 's not the milk from my bosom,  
But my blood, that she sucks in.

“My face grows sharp with the torment ;  
Look ! my arms are skin and bone !—  
Rake open the red coals, goodman,  
And the witch shall have her own.

“She 'll come when she hears it crying,  
In the shape of an owl or bat,  
And she 'll bring us our darling Anna  
In place of her screeching brat.”

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,  
Laid his hand upon her head :  
“Thy sorrow is great, O woman !  
I sorrow with thee,” he said.

“The paths to trouble are many,  
And never but one sure way  
Leads out to the light beyond it :  
My poor wife, let us pray.”

Then he said to the great All-Father,  
“Thy daughter is weak and blind ;  
Let her 'sight come back, and clothe her  
Once more in her right mind.

“Lead her out of this evil shadow,  
Out of these fancies wild ;  
Let the holy love of the mother  
Turn again to her child.

“Make her lips like the lips of Mary  
Kissing her blessed Son ;  
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus,  
Rest on her little one.

“Comfort the soul of thy handmaid,  
Open her prison-door,  
And thine shall be all the glory  
And praise forevermore.”

Then into the face of its mother  
The baby looked up and smiled ;  
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,  
And she knew her little child.

A beam of the slant west sunshine  
Made the wan face almost fair,  
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder,  
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,  
She kissed it on cheek and chin,  
And she bared her snow-white bosom  
To the lips so pale and thin.

O, fair on her bridal morning  
Was the maid who blushed and smiled,  
But fairer to Ezra Dalton  
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness  
He stooped to her worn young face,  
And the nursing child and the mother  
He folded in one embrace.

"Blessed be God!" he murmured.

"Blessed be God!" she said ;

"For I see, who once was blinded,—

I live, who once was dead.

“Now mount and ride, my goodman,  
As thou lovest thy own soul!  
Woe’s me, if my wicked fancies  
Be the death of Goody Cole!”

His horse he saddled and bridled,  
And into the night rode he,—  
Now through the great black woodland,  
Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,  
He came to the ferry wide,  
And thrice he called to the boatman  
Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,  
He swam to Newbury town,  
And he called up Justice Sewall  
In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice  
    (Upon whose soul be peace !)  
Set his name to the jailer's warrant  
    For Goodwife Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats  
    Went sounding like a flail ;  
And Goody Cole at cockcrow  
    Came forth from Ipswich jail.

---

“ Here is a rhyme :—I hardly dare  
    To venture on its theme worn out ;  
What seems so sweet by Doon and Ayr  
    Sounds simply silly hereabout ;  
And pipes by lips Arcadian blown  
    Are only tin horns at our own.  
Yet still the muse of pastoral walks with us,  
While Hosea Biglow sings, our new Theocritus.”

## THE MAIDS OF ATTITASH.

IN sky and wave the white clouds swam,  
And the blue hills of Nottingham  
Through gaps of leafy green  
Across the lake were seen, —

When, in the shadow of the ash  
That dreams its dream in Attitash,  
In the warm summer weather,  
Two maidens sat together.

They sat and watched in idle mood  
The gleam and shade of lake and wood, —  
The beach the keen light smote,  
The white sail of a boat, —

Swan flocks of lilies shoreward lying,  
In sweetness, not in music, dying, —  
    Hardhack, and virgin's-bower,  
    And white-spiked clethra-flower.

With careless ears they heard the plash  
And breezy wash of Attitash,  
    The wood-bird's plaintive cry,  
    The locust's sharp reply.

And teased the while, with playful hand,  
The shaggy dog of Newfoundland,  
    Whose uncouth frolic spilled  
    Their baskets berry-filled.

Then one, the beauty of whose eyes  
Was evermore a great surprise,  
    Tossed back her queenly head,  
    And, lightly laughing, said, —



“No bridegroom’s hand be mine to hold  
That is not lined with yellow gold ;  
I tread no cottage-floor ;  
I own no lover poor.

“My love must come on silken wings,  
With bridal lights of diamond rings, —  
Not foul with kitchen smirch,  
With tallow-dip for torch.”

The other, on whose modest head  
Was lesser dower of beauty shed,  
With look for home-hearths meet,  
And voice exceeding sweet,

Answered, — “We will not rivals be ;  
Take thou the gold, leave love to me ;  
Mine be the cottage small,  
And thine the rich man’s hall.

“I know, indeed, that wealth is good ;  
But lowly roof and simple food,  
    With love that hath no doubt,  
    Are more than gold without.”

Hard by a farmer hale and young  
His cradle in the rye-field swung,  
    Tracking the yellow plain  
    With windrows of ripe grain.

And still, whene'er he paused to whet  
His scythe, the sidelong glance he met  
    Of large dark eyes, where strove  
    False pride and secret love.

Be strong, young mower of the grain ;  
That love shall overmatch disdain,  
    Its instincts soon or late  
    The heart shall vindicate.

In blouse of gray, with fishing-rod,  
Half screened by leaves, a stranger trod  
The margin of the pond,  
Watching the group beyond.

The supreme hours unnoted come ;  
Unfelt the turning tides of doom ;  
And so the maids laughed on,  
Nor dreamed what Fate had done, —

Nor knew the step was Destiny's  
That rustled in the birchen trees,  
As, with their lives forecast,  
Fisher and mower passed.

Erelong by lake and rivulet side  
The summer roses paled and died,  
And Autumn's fingers shed  
The maple's leaves of red.

Through the long gold-hazed afternoon,  
Alone, but for the diving loon,  
    The partridge in the brake,  
    The black duck on the lake,

Beneath the shadow of the ash  
Sat man and maid by Attitash ;  
    And earth and air made room  
    For human hearts to bloom.

Soft spread the carpets of the sod,  
And scarlet-oak and golden-rod  
    With blushes and with smiles  
    Lit up the forest aisles.

The mellow light the lake aslant,  
The pebbled margin's ripple-chant  
    Attempered and low-toned,  
    The tender mystery owned.

And through the dream the lovers dreamed  
Sweet sounds stole in and soft lights streamed ;  
The sunshine seemed to bless,  
The air was a caress.

Not she who lightly laughed is there,  
With scornful toss of midnight hair,  
Her dark, disdainful eyes,  
And proud lip worldly-wise.

Her haughty vow is still unsaid,  
But all she dreamed and coveted  
Wears, half to her surprise,  
The youthful farmer's guise !

With more than all her old-time pride  
She walks the rye-field at his side,  
Careless of cot or hall,  
Since love transfigures all.

Rich beyond dreams, the vantage-ground  
Of life is gained ; her hands have found  
The talisman of old  
That changes all to gold.

While she who could for love dispense  
With all its glittering accidents,  
And trust her heart alone,  
Finds love and gold her own.

What wealth can buy or art can build  
Awaits her ; but her cup is filled  
Even now unto the brim ;  
Her world is love and him !

---

The while he heard, the Book-man drew

A length of make-believing face,

With smothered mischief laughing through :

“Why, you shall sit in Ramsay’s place,

And, with his Gentle Shepherd, keep

On Yankee hills immortal sheep,

While love-lorn swains and maids the seas beyond

Hold dreamy tryst around your huckleberry-pond.”

The Traveller laughed : “Sir Galahad

Singing of love the Trouvere’s lay !

How should he know the blindfold lad

From one of Vulcan’s forge-boys ?” — “Nay,

He better sees who stands outside

Than they who in procession ride,”

The Reader answered : “Selectmen and squire

Miss, while they make, the show that wayside folks

admire.

"Here is a wild tale of the North,  
 Our travelled friend will own as one  
 Fit for a Norland Christmas hearth  
 And lips of Christian Andersen.  
 They tell it in the valleys green  
 Of the fair island he has seen,  
 Low lying off the pleasant Swedish shore,  
 Washed by the Baltic Sea, and watched by Elsinore."

## KALLUNDBORG CHURCH.

"Tie stille, barn min !  
 Imorgen kommer Fin,  
 Fa'er din,  
 Og gi'er dig Esbern Snares öine og hjerte at lege med !"  
*Zealand Rhyme.*

"BUILD at Kallundborg by the sea  
 A church as stately as church may be,  
 And there shalt thou wed my daughter fair,"  
 Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern Snare.



And the Baron laughed. But Esbern said,  
"Though I lose my soul, I will Helva wed!"  
And off he strode, in his pride of will,  
To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill.

"Build, O Troll, a church for me  
At Kallundborg by the mighty sea;  
Build it stately, and build it fair,  
Build it quickly," said Esbern Snare.

But the sly Dwarf said, "No work is wrought  
By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for naught.  
What wilt thou give for thy church so fair?"  
"Set thy own price," quoth Esbern Snare.

"When Kallundborg church is builded well,  
Thou must the name of its builder tell,  
Or thy heart and thy eyes must be my boon."  
"Build," said Esbern, "and build it soon."

By night and by day the Troll wrought on ;  
He hewed the timbers, he piled the stone ;  
But day by day, as the walls rose fair,  
Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.

He listened by night, he watched by day,  
He sought and thought, but he dared not pray ;  
In vain he called on the Elle-maids shy,  
And the Neck and the Nis gave no reply.

Of his evil bargain far and wide  
A rumor ran through the country-side ;  
And Helva of Nesvek, young and fair,  
Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.

And now the church was wellnigh done ;  
One pillar it lacked, and one alone ;  
And the grim Troll muttered, " Fool thou art !  
To-morrow gives me thy eyes and heart ! "

By Kallundborg in black despair,  
Through wood and meadow, walked Esbern Snare,  
Till, worn and weary, the strong man sank  
Under the birches on Ulshoi bank.

At his last day's work he heard the Troll  
Hammer and delve in the quarry's hole ;  
Before him the church stood large and fair :  
"I have builded my tomb," said Esbern Snare.

And he closed his eyes the sight to hide,  
When he heard a light step at his side :  
"O Esbern Snare!" a sweet voice said,  
"Would I might die now in thy stead!"

With a grasp by love and by fear made strong,  
He held her fast, and he held her long ;  
With the beating heart of a bird afeard,  
She hid her face in his flame-red beard.

“O love!” he cried, “let me look to-day  
In thine eyes ere mine are plucked away ;  
Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy heart  
Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart !

“I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee !  
Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me !”  
But fast as she prayed, and faster still,  
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill.

He knew, as he wrought, that a loving heart  
Was somehow baffling his evil art ;  
For more than spell of Elf or Troll  
Is a maiden’s prayer for her lover’s soul.

And Esbern listened, and caught the sound  
Of a Troll-wife singing underground :  
“To-morrow comes Fine, father thine :  
Lie still and hush thee, baby mine !

“Lie still, my darling! next sunrise  
Thou’lt play with Esbern Snare’s heart and eyes!”  
“Ho! ho!” quoth Esbern, “is that your game?  
Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his name!”

The Troll he heard him, and hurried on  
To Kallundborg church with the lacking stone.  
“Too late, Gaffer Fine!” cried Esbern Snare;  
And Troll and pillar vanished in air!

That night the harvesters heard the sound  
Of a woman sobbing underground,  
And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud with blame  
Of the careless singer who told his name.

Of the Troll of the Church they sing the rune  
By the Northern Sea in the harvest moon;  
And the fishers of Zealand hear him still  
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of birch  
Still looks the tower of Kallundborg church,  
Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,  
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern Snare !

---

“What,” asked the Traveller, “would our sires,  
The old Norse story-tellers, say  
Of sun-graved pictures, ocean wires,  
And smoking steamboats of to-day ?  
And this, O, lady, by your leave,  
Recalls your song of yester eve :  
Pray, let us have that Cable-hymn once more.”  
“Hear, hear !” the Book-man cried, “the lady has  
the floor.

“These noisy waves below perhaps  
To such a strain will lend their ear,  
With softer voice and lighter lapse  
Come stealing up the sands to hear,  
And what they once refused to do  
For old King Knut accord to you.  
Nay, even the fishes shall your listeners be,  
As once, the legend runs, they heard St. Anthony.”

O lonely bay of Trinity,

O dreary shores, give ear!

Lean down unto the white-lipped sea

The voice of God to hear!

From world to world his couriers fly,

Thought-winged and shod with fire;

The angel of His stormy sky

Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord ?

“The world’s long strife is done ;  
Close wedded by that mystic cord,  
Its continents are one.

“And one in heart, as one in blood,  
Shall all her peoples be ;  
The hands of human brotherhood  
Are clasped beneath the sea.

“Through Orient seas, o’er Afric’s plain  
And Asian mountains borne,  
The vigor of the Northern brain  
Shall nerve the world outworn.

“From clime to clime, from shore to shore,  
Shall thrill the magic thread ;  
The new Prometheus steals once more  
The fire that wakes the dead.”



Throb on, strong pulse of thunder ! beat  
From answering beach to beach ;  
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,  
And melt the chains of each !

Wild terror of the sky above,  
Glide tamed and dumb below !  
Bear gently, Ocean's carrier-dove,  
Thy errands to and fro.

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,  
Beneath the deep so far,  
The bridal robe of earth's accord,  
The funeral shroud of war !

For lo ! the fall of Ocean's wall  
Space mocked and time outrun ;  
And round the world the thought of all  
Is as the thought of one !

The poles unite, the zones agree,  
The tongues of striving cease ;  
As on the Sea of Galilee  
The Christ is whispering, Peace !

---

“Glad prophecy ! to this at last,”  
The Reader said, “shall all things come.  
Forgotten be the bugle’s blast,  
And battle-music of the drum.  
A little while the world may run  
Its old mad way, with needle-gun  
And iron-clad, but truth, at last, shall reign :  
The cradle-song of Christ was never sung in  
vain !”

Shifting his scattered papers, "Here,"  
He said, as died the faint applause,  
"Is something that I found last year  
Down on the island known as Orr's.  
I had it from a fair-haired girl  
Who, oddly, bore the name of Pearl,  
(As if by some droll freak of circumstance,  
Classic, or wellnigh so, in Harriet Stowe's romance."

## THE DEAD SHIP OF HARPSWELL.

WHAT flecks the outer gray beyond  
The sundown's golden trail?  
The white flash of a sea-bird's wing,  
Or gleam of slanting sail?  
Let young eyes watch from Neck and Point,  
And sea-worn elders pray, —  
The ghost of what was once a ship  
Is sailing up the bay!

From gray sea-fog, from icy drift,  
From peril and from pain,  
The home-bound fisher greets thy lights,  
O hundred-harbored Maine !  
But many a keel shall seaward turn,  
And many a sail outstand,  
When, tall and white, the Dead Ship looms  
Against the dusk of land.

She rounds the headland's bristling pines ;  
She threads the isle-set bay ;  
No spur of breeze can speed her on,  
Nor ebb of tide delay.  
Old men still walk the Isle of Orr  
Who tell her date and name,  
Old shipwrights sit in Freeport yards  
Who hewed her oaken frame.

What weary doom of baffled quest,

Thou sad sea-ghost, is thine ?

What makes thee in the haunts of home

A wonder and a sign ?

No foot is on thy silent deck,

Upon thy helm no hand ;

No ripple hath the soundless wind

That smites thee from the land !

For never comes the ship to port,

Howe'er the breeze may be ;

Just when she nears the waiting shore

She drifts again to sea.

No tack of sail, nor turn of helm,

Nor sheer of veering side ;

Stern-fore she drives to sea and night,

Against the wind and tide.

In vain o'er Harpswell Neck the star  
    Of evening guides her in ;  
In vain for her the lamps are lit  
    Within thy tower, Seguin !  
In vain the harbor-boat shall hail,  
    In vain the pilot call ;  
No hand shall reef her spectral sail,  
    Or let her anchor fall.

Shake, brown old wives, with dreary joy,  
    Your gray-head hints of ill ;  
And, over sick-beds whispering low,  
    Your prophecies fulfil.  
Some home amid yon birchen trees  
    Shall drape its door with woe ;  
And slowly where the Dead Ship sails,  
    The burial boat shall row !

From Wolf Neck and from Flying Point,

From island and from main,

From sheltered cove and tided creek,

Shall glide the funeral train.

The dead-boat with the bearers four,

The mourners at her stern, —

And one shall go the silent way

Who shall no more return !

And men shall sigh, and women weep,

Whose dear ones pale and pine,

And sadly over sunset seas

Await the ghostly sign.

They know not that its sails are filled

By pity's tender breath,

Nor see the Angel at the helm

Who steers the Ship of Death !

“Chill as a down-east breeze should be,”

The Book-man said. “A ghostly touch  
The legend has. I’m glad to see

Your flying Yankee beat the Dutch.”

“Well, here is something of the sort  
Which one midsummer day I caught  
In Narraganset Bay, for lack of fish.”

“We wait,” the Traveller said ; “serve hot or cold  
your dish.”

#### THE PALATINE.

LEAGUES north, as fly the gull and auk,  
Point Judith watches with eye of hawk ;  
Leagues south, thy beacon flames, Montauk !



Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-forsaken,  
With never a tree for Spring to waken,  
For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,

Circled by waters that never freeze,  
Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,  
Lieth the island of Manisees,

Set at the mouth of the Sound to hold  
The coast lights up on its turret old,  
Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.

Dreary the land when gust and sleet  
At its doors and windows howl and beat,  
And Winter laughs at its fires of peat !

But in summer time, when pool and pond,  
Held in the laps of valleys fond,  
Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond ;

When the hills are sweet with the brier-rose,  
And, hid in the warm, soft dells, unclose  
Flowers the mainland rarely knows ;

When boats to their morning fishing go,  
And, held to the wind and slanting low,  
Whitening and darkening the small sails show, —

Then is that lonely island fair ;  
And the pale health-seeker findeth there  
The wine of life in its pleasant air.

No greener valleys the sun invite,  
On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,  
No blue waves shatter to foam more white !

There, circling ever their narrow range,  
Quaint tradition and legend strange  
Live on unchallenged, and know no change.

Old wives spinning their webs of tow,  
Or rocking weirdly to and fro  
In and out of the peat's dull glow,

And old men mending their nets of twine,  
Talk together of dream and sign,  
Talk of the lost ship Palatine,—

The ship that, a hundred years before,  
Freighted deep with its goodly store,  
In the gales of the equinox went ashore.

The eager islanders one by one  
Counted the shots of her signal gun,  
And heard the crash when she drove right on!

Into the teeth of death she sped:  
(May God forgive the hands that fed  
The false lights over the rocky Head!)

O men and brothers! what sights were there!  
White up-turned faces, hands stretched in prayer!  
Where waves had pity, could ye not spare?

Down swooped the wreckers, like birds of prey  
Tearing the heart of the ship away,  
And the dead had never a word to say.

And then, with ghastly shimmer and shine  
Over the rocks and the seething brine,  
They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

In their cruel hearts, as they homeward sped,  
"The sea and the rocks are dumb," they said:  
"There 'll be no reckoning with the dead."

But the year went round, and when once more  
Along their foam-white curves of shore  
They heard the line-storm rave and roar,

Behold! again, with shimmer and shine,  
Over the rocks and the seething brine,  
The flaming wreck of the Palatine!

So, haply in fitter words than these,  
Mending their nets on their patient knees  
They tell the legend of Manisees.

Nor looks nor tones a doubt betray;  
"It is known to us all," they quietly say;  
"We too have seen it in our day."

Is there, then, no death for a word once spoken?  
Was never a deed but left its token  
Written on tables never broken?

Do the elements subtle reflections give?  
Do pictures of all the ages live  
On Nature's infinite negative,

Which, half in sport, in malice half,  
She shows at times, with shudder or laugh,  
Phantom and shadow in photograph ?

For still, on many a moonless night,  
From Kingston Head and from Montauk light  
The spectre kindles and burns in sight.

Now low and dim, now clear and higher,  
Leaps up the terrible Ghost of Fire,  
Then, slowly sinking, the flames expire.

And the wise Sound skippers, though skies be fine,  
Reef their sails when they see the sign  
Of the blazing wreck of the Palatine !

---

“A fitter tale to scream than sing,”

The Book-man said. “Well, fancy, then,”

The Reader answered, “on the wing

The sea-birds shriek it, not for men,

But in the ear of wave and breeze!”

The Traveller mused: “Your Manisees

Is fairy-land: off Narraganset shore

Who ever saw the isle or heard its name before?

“’T is some strange land of Fly-away,

Whose dreamy shore the ship beguiles,

St. Brandan’s in its sea-mist gray,

Or sunset loom of Fortunate Isles!”

“No ghost, but solid turf and rock

Is the good island known as Block,”

The Reader said. “For beauty and for ease

I chose its Indian name, soft-flowing Manisees!

“But let it pass ; here is a bit  
Of unrhymed story, with a hint  
Of the old preaching mood in it,  
The sort of sidelong moral squint  
Our friend objects to, which has grown,  
I fear, a habit of my own.

’T was written when the Asian plague drew near,  
And the land held its breath and paled with sudden fear.”

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

IN the old days (a custom laid aside  
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent  
Their wisest men to make the public laws.  
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound  
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,



Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,  
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,  
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State  
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'T was on a May-day of the far old year  
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell  
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,  
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,  
A horror of great darkness, like the night  
In day of which the Norland sagas tell, —  
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky  
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim  
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs  
The crater's sides from the red hell below.  
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls  
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars  
Low'd, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings

Flitted abroad ; the sounds of labor died ;  
Men prayed, and women wept ; all ears grew sharp  
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter  
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ  
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked  
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern  
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State-House, dim as ghosts,  
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,  
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.  
“ It is the Lord’s Great Day ! Let us adjourn,”  
Some said ; and then, as if with one accord,  
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.  
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice  
The intolerable hush. “ This well may be  
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits ;  
But be it so or not, I only know

My present duty, and my Lord's command  
To occupy till he come. So at the post  
Where he hath set me in his providence,  
I choose, for one, to meet him face to face,—  
No faithless servant frightened from my task,  
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls ;  
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,  
Let God do his work, we will see to ours.  
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,  
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,  
An act to amend an act to regulate  
The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon  
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,  
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech  
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without  
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man :

His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,  
Between the pauses of his argument,  
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God  
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,  
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen  
Against the background of unnatural dark,  
A witness to the ages as they pass,  
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

---

He ceased : just then the ocean seemed  
To lift a half-faced moon in sight ;  
And, shoreward, o'er the waters gleamed,  
From crest to crest, a line of light,

Such as of old, with solemn awe,  
The fishers by Gennesaret saw,  
When dry-shod o'er it walked the Son of God,  
Tracking the waves with light where'er his sandals  
trod.

Silently for a space each eye  
Upon that sudden glory turned ;  
Cool from the land the breeze blew by,  
The tent-ropes flapped, the long beach churned  
Its waves to foam ; on either hand  
Stretched, far as sight, the hills of sand ;  
With bays of marsh, and capes of bush and tree,  
The wood's black shore-line loomed beyond the  
meadowy sea.

The lady rose to leave. "One song,  
Or hymn," they urged, "before we part."

And she, with lips to which belong  
Sweet intuitions of all art,  
Gave to the winds of night a strain  
Which they who heard would hear again ;  
And to her voice the solemn ocean lent,  
Touching its harp of sand, a deep accompaniment.

The harp at Nature's advent strung  
Has never ceased to play ;  
The song the stars of morning sung  
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,  
By all things near and far :  
The ocean looketh up to heaven,  
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,  
As kneels the human knee,  
Their white locks bowing to the sand,  
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,  
Their gifts of pearl they bring,  
And all the listening hills of earth  
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up  
From many a mountain shrine ;  
From folded leaf and dewy cup  
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills  
Rise white as wings of prayer ;  
The altar curtains of the hills  
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,  
Or low with sobs of pain, —  
The thunder-organ of the cloud,  
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed  
The twilight forest grieves,  
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost  
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,  
Its transept earth and air,  
The music of its starry march  
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame  
With which her years began,  
And all her signs and voices shame  
The prayerless heart of man.



The singer ceased. The moon's white rays  
Fell on the rapt, still face of her.  
"Allah il Allah! He hath praise  
From all things," said the Traveller.  
"Oft from the desert's silent nights,  
And mountain hymns of sunset lights,  
My heart has felt rebuke, as in his tent  
The Moslem's prayer has shamed my Christian knee  
unbent."

He paused, and lo! far, faint, and slow  
The bells in Newbury's steeples tolled  
The twelve dead hours; the lamp burned low;  
The singer sought her canvas fold.  
One sadly said, "At break of day  
We strike our tent and go our way."  
But one made answer cheerily, "Never fear,  
We'll pitch this tent of ours in type another year."



NATIONAL LYRICS.



## THE MANTLE OF ST. JOHN DE MATHA.

A LEGEND OF "THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE," A. D. 1154 - 1864.

A STRONG and mighty Angel,  
Calm, terrible, and bright,  
The cross in blended red and blue  
Upon his mantle white !

Two captives by him kneeling,  
Each on his broken chain,  
Sang praise to God who raiseth  
The dead to life again !

Dropping his cross-wrought mantle,  
"Wear this," the Angel said ;  
"Take thou, O Freedom's priest, its sign, —  
The white, the blue, and red."

Then rose up John de Matha  
In the strength the Lord Christ gave,  
And begged through all the land of France  
The ransom of the slave.

The gates of tower and castle  
Before him open flew,  
The drawbridge at his coming fell,  
The door-bolt backward drew.

For all men owned his errand,  
And paid his righteous tax ;  
And the hearts of lord and peasant  
Were in his hands as wax.

At last, outbound from Tunis,  
His bark her anchor weighed,  
Freighted with seven score Christian souls  
Whose ransom he had paid.

But, torn by Paynim hatred,  
Her sails in tatters hung ;  
And on the wild waves, rudderless,  
A shattered hulk she swung.

“God save us !” cried the captain,  
“For naught can man avail :  
O, woe betide the ship that lacks  
Her rudder and her sail !

“Behind us are the Moormen ;  
At sea we sink or strand :  
There’s death upon the water,  
There’s death upon the land !”

Then up spake John de Matha :  
“God’s errands never fail !  
Take thou the mantle which I wear,  
And make of it a sail.”

They raised the cross-wrought mantle,  
The blue, the white, the red ;  
And straight before the wind off-shore  
The ship of Freedom sped.

“God help us !” cried the seamen,  
“For vain is mortal skill :  
The good ship on a stormy sea  
Is drifting at its will.”

Then up spake John de Matha :  
“My mariners, never fear !  
The Lord whose breath has filled her sail  
May well our vessel steer !”

So on through storm and darkness  
They drove for weary hours ;  
And lo ! the third gray morning shone  
On Ostia's friendly towers.



And on the walls the watchers

The ship of mercy knew, —

They knew far off its holy cross,

The red, the white, and blue.

And the bells in all the steeples

Rang out in glad accord,

To welcome home to Christian soil

The ransomed of the Lord.

So runs the ancient legend

By bard and painter told ;

And lo ! the cycle rounds again,

The new is as the old !

With rudder foully broken,

And sails by traitors torn,

Our country on a midnight sea

Is waiting for the morn.

Before her, nameless terror ;  
    Behind, the pirate foe ;  
The clouds are black above her,  
    The sea is white below.

The hope of all who suffer,  
    The dread of all who wrong,  
She drifts in darkness and in storm,  
    How long, O Lord ! how long ?

But courage, O my mariners !  
    Ye shall not suffer wreck,  
While up to God the freedman's prayers  
    Are rising from your deck.

Is not your sail the banner  
    Which God hath blest anew,  
The mantle that De Matha wore,  
    The red, the white, the blue ?

Its hues are all of heaven, —

The red of sunset's dye,

The whiteness of the moon-lit cloud,

The blue of morning's sky.

Wait cheerily, then, O mariners,

For daylight and for land ;

The breath of God is in your sail,

Your rudder is His hand.

Sail on, sail on, deep-freighted

With blessings and with hopes ;

The saints of old with shadowy hands

Are pulling at your ropes.

Behind ye holy martyrs

Uplift the palm and crown ;

Before ye unborn ages send

Their benedictions down.

Take heart from John de Matha!—

God's errands never fail!

Sweep on through storm and darkness,

The thunder and the hail!

Sail on! The morning cometh,

The port ye yet shall win;

And all the bells of God shall ring

The good ship bravely in!

## WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

THE birds against the April wind

Flew northward, singing as they flew ;

They sang, "The land we leave behind

Has swords for corn-blades, blood for dew."

"O wild-birds, flying from the South,

What saw and heard ye, gazing down?"

"We saw the mortar's upturned mouth,

The sickened camp, the blazing town!

"Beneath the bivouac's starry lamps,

We saw your march-worn children die ;

In shrouds of moss, in cypress swamps,

We saw your dead uncoffined lie.

“We heard the starving prisoner’s sighs,  
And saw, from line and trench, your sons  
Follow our flight with home-sick eyes  
Beyond the battery’s smoking guns.”

“And heard and saw ye only wrong  
And pain,” I cried, “O wing-worn flocks?”  
“We heard,” they sang, “the freedman’s song,  
The crash of Slavery’s broken locks!

“We saw from new, uprising States  
The treason-nursing mischief spurned,  
As, crowding Freedom’s ample gates,  
The long-estranged and lost returned.

“O’er dusky faces, seamed and old,  
And hands horn-hard with unpaid toil,  
With hope in every rustling fold,  
We saw your star-dropt flag uncoil.

“ And struggling up through sounds accursed,  
A grateful murmur clomb the air ;  
A whisper scarcely heard at first,  
It filled the listening heavens with prayer.

\* “ And sweet and far, as from a star,  
Replied a voice which shall not cease,  
Till, drowning all the noise of war,  
It sings the blessed song of peace !”

So to me, in a doubtful day  
Of chill and slowly greening spring,  
Low stooping from the cloudy gray,  
The wild-birds sang or seemed to sing.

They vanished in the misty air,  
The song went with them in their flight ;  
But lo ! they left the sunset fair,  
And in the evening there was light.

## LAUS DEO!

ON HEARING THE BELLS RING ON THE PASSAGE OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT ABOLISHING SLAVERY.

It is done !

Clang of bell and roar of gun

Send the tidings up and down.

How the belfries rock and reel !

How the great guns, peal on peal,

Fling the joy from town to town !

Ring, O bells !

Every stroke exulting tells

Of the burial hour of crime.

Loud and long, that all may hear,

Ring for every listening ear

Of Eternity and Time !



Let us kneel :

God's own voice is in that peal,  
And this spot is holy ground.

Lord, forgive us! What are we,  
That our eyes this glory see,  
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord

On the whirlwind is abroad ;  
In the earthquake he has spoken ;  
He has smitten with his thunder  
The iron walls asunder,  
And the gates of brass are broken !

Loud and long

Lift the old exulting song ;  
Sing with Miriam by the sea

He has cast the mighty down ;  
Horse and rider sink and drown ;  
“ He hath triumphed gloriously ! ”

Did we dare,  
In our agony of prayer,  
Ask for more than He has done ?  
When was ever his right hand  
Over any time or land  
Stretched as now beneath the sun ?

How they pale,  
Ancient myth and song and tale,  
In this wonder of our days,  
When the cruel rod of war  
Blossoms white with righteous law,  
And the wrath of man is praise !

Blotted out!

All within and all about  
Shall a fresher life begin ;  
Freer breathe the universe  
As it rolls its heavy curse  
On the dead and buried sin !

It is done!

In the circuit of the sun  
Shall the sound thereof go forth.  
It shall bid the sad rejoice,  
It shall give the dumb a voice,  
It shall belt with joy the earth !

Ring and swing,  
Bells of joy ! On morning's wing  
Send the song of praise abroad !

With a sound of broken chains  
Tell the nations that He reigns,  
Who alone is Lord and God!

## THE PEACE AUTUMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE ESSEX COUNTY AGRICULTURAL FESTIVAL,  
1865.

THANK God for rest, where none molest,  
And none can make afraid,—  
For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest  
Beneath the homestead shade !

Bring pike and gun, the sword's red scourge,  
The negro's broken chains,  
And beat them at the blacksmith's forge  
To ploughshares for our plains.

Alike henceforth our hills of snow,  
And vales where cotton flowers ;  
All streams that flow, all winds that blow  
Are Freedom's motive-powers.

Henceforth to Labor's chivalry  
Be knightly honors paid ;  
For nobler than the sword's shall be  
The sickle's accolade.

Build up an altar to the Lord,  
O grateful hearts of ours !  
And shape it of the greenest sward  
That ever drank the showers.

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,  
And there the orchard fruits ;  
Bring golden grain from sun and air,  
From earth her goodly roots.

There let our banners droop and flow,  
The stars uprise and fall ;  
Our roll of martyrs, sad and slow,  
Let sighing breezes call.

Their names let hands of horn and tan  
    And rough-shod feet applaud,  
Who died to make the slave a man,  
    And link with toil reward.

There let the common heart keep time  
    To such an anthem sung  
As never swelled on poet's rhyme,  
    Or thrilled on singer's tongue.

Song of our burden and relief,  
    Of peace and long annoy ;  
The passion of our mighty grief  
    And our exceeding joy!

A song of praise to Him who filled  
    The harvests sown in tears,  
And gave each field a double yield  
    To feed our battle-years !

A song of faith that trusts the end  
To match the good begun,  
Nor doubts the power of Love to blend  
The hearts of men as one!



## TO THE THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

O PEOPLE-CHOSEN! are ye not  
Likewise the chosen of the Lord,  
To do his will and speak his word?

From the loud thunder-storm of war  
Not man alone hath called ye forth,  
But he, the God of all the earth!

The torch of vengeance in your hands  
He quenches; unto Him belongs  
The solemn recompense of wrongs.

Enough of blood the land has seen,  
And not by cell or gallows-stair  
Shall ye the way of God prepare.

Say to the pardon-seekers, — Keep  
Your manhood, bend no suppliant knees,  
Nor palter with unworthy pleas.

Above your voices sounds the wail  
Of starving men ; we shut in vain  
Our eyes to Pillow's ghastly stain.

What words can drown that bitter cry?  
What tears wash out that stain of death?  
What oaths confirm your broken faith?

From you alone the guaranty  
Of union, freedom, peace, we claim ;  
We urge no conqueror's terms of shame.

Alas! no victor's pride is ours ;  
We bend above our triumphs won  
Like David o'er his rebel son.

Be men, not beggars. Cancel all  
By one brave, generous action; trust  
Your better instincts, and be just!

Make all men peers before the law,  
Take hands from off the negro's throat,  
Give black and white an equal vote.

Keep all your forfeit lives and lands,  
But give the common law's redress  
To labor's utter nakedness.

Revive the old heroic will;  
Be in the right as brave and strong  
As ye have proved yourselves in wrong.

Defeat shall then be victory,  
Your loss the wealth of full amends,  
And hate be love, and foes be friends.

Then buried be the dreadful past,  
Its common slain be mourned, and let  
All memories soften to regret.

Then shall the Union's mother-heart  
Her lost and wandering ones recall,  
Forgiving and restoring all, —

And Freedom break her marble trance  
Above the Capitolian dome,  
Stretch hands, and bid ye welcome home!

OCCASIONAL POEMS.



## THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod  
The quiet aisles of prayer,  
Glad witness to your zeal for God  
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument ;  
Your logic linked and strong  
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,  
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak  
To hold your iron creeds ;  
Against the words ye bid me speak  
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought ?

Who talks of scheme and plan ?

The Lord is God ! He needeth not

The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground

Ye tread with boldness shod ;

I dare not fix with mete and bound

The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice ; even such

His pitying love I deem :

Ye seek a king ; I fain would touch

The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods

A world of pain and loss ;

I hear our Lord's beatitudes

And prayer upon the cross.



More than your schoolmen teach, within

Myself, alas! I know ;

Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,

Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,

I veil mine eyes for shame,

And urge, in trembling self-distrust,

A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,

I feel the guilt within ;

I hear, with groan and travail-cries,

The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,

And tossed by storm and flood,

To one fixed stake my spirit clings :

I know that God is good !

Not mine to look where cherubim  
And seraphs may not see,  
But nothing can be good in Him  
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below  
I dare not throne above :  
I know not of His hate, — I know  
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight,  
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own  
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove ;  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar ;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air ;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers ! if my faith is vain,  
If hopes like these betray,  
Pray for me that my feet may gain  
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee !

## OUR MASTER.

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,  
Forever flowing free,  
Forever shared, forever whole,  
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name  
All other names above ;  
Love only knoweth whence it came,  
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow  
The mists of earth away !  
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show  
How wide and far we stray !

Hush every lip, close every book,  
The strife of tongues forbear ;  
Why forward reach, or backward look,  
For love that clasps like air ?

We may not climb the heavenly steps  
To bring the Lord Christ down :  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,  
The lineaments restore  
Of him we know in outward shape  
And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a king to reign ;  
The world's long hope is dim ;  
The weary centuries watch in vain  
The clouds of heaven for him.

Death comes, life goes ; the asking eye

And ear are answerless ;

The grave is dumb, the hollow sky

Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, and systems fall,

And every symbol wanes ;

The Spirit over-brooding all

Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above

Or earth below they look,

Who know with John his smile of love,

With Peter his rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense

Of sorrow over sin,

He is his own best evidence,

His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,  
Nor dream of bards and seers,  
No dead fact stranded on the shore  
Of the oblivious years ; —

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is he ;  
And faith has still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain ;  
We touch him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said  
Our lips of childhood frame,  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with his name.



O Lord and Master of us all!

Whate'er our name or sign,

We own thy sway, we hear thy call,

We test our lives by thine.

Thou judgest us; thy purity

Doth all our lusts condemn;

The love that draws us nearer thee

Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight;

And, naked to thy glance,

Our secret sins are in the light

Of thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress

Thy tender light shines in;

Thy sweetness is the bitterness,

Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,  
Thou dost our service own ;  
We bring our varying gifts to thee,  
And thou rejectest none.

To thee our full humanity,  
Its joys and pains, belong ;  
The wrong of man to man on thee  
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates hates thee, who loves becomes  
Therein to thee allied ;  
All sweet accords of hearts and homes  
In thee are multiplied.

Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,  
Within our earthly sod,  
Most human and yet most divine,  
The flower of man and God !

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight

Thy presence maketh one :

As through transfigured clouds of white

We trace the noon-day sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,

Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,

We know in thee the fatherhood

And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,

In differing phrase we pray ;

But, dim or clear, we own in thee

The Light, the Truth, the Way!

The homage that we render thee

Is still our Father's own ;

Nor jealous claim or rivalry

Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do thy will is more than praise,  
As words are less than deeds,  
And simple trust can find thy ways  
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self thy service hath,  
No place for me and mine ;  
Our human strength is weakness, death  
Our life, apart from thine.

Apart from thee all gain is loss,  
All labor vainly done ;  
The solemn shadow of thy Cross  
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable !

Thy saving name is given ;  
To turn aside from thee is hell,  
To walk with thee is heaven !

How vain, secure in all thou art,

Our noisy championship!—

The sighing of the contrite heart

Is more than flattering lip.

Not thine the bigot's partial plea,

Nor thine the zealot's ban ;

Thou well canst spare a love of thee

Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,

What may thy service be?—

Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,

But simply following thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,

We pile no graven stone ;

He serves thee best who loveth most

His brothers and thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices  
Of love and gratitude ;  
Thy sacramental liturgies,  
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift  
The vaulted nave around,  
In vain the minster turret lift  
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,  
Thy inward altars raise ;  
Its faith and hope thy canticles,  
And its obedience praise !

## THE VANISHERS.

SWEETEST of all childlike dreams

In the simple Indian lore

Still to me the legend seems

Of the shapes who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,

Never reached nor found at rest,

Baffling search, but beckoning on

To the Sunset of the Blest.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,

Through the dark of lowland firs,

Flash the eyes and flow the locks

Of the mystic Vanishers!

And the fisher in his skiff,  
    And the hunter on the moss,  
Hear their call from cape and cliff,  
    See their hands the birch-leaves toss.

Wistful, longing, through the green  
    Twilight of the clustered pines,  
In their faces rarely seen  
    Beauty more than mortal shines.

Fringed with gold their mantles flow  
    On the slopes of westering knolls ;  
In the wind they whisper low  
    Of the Sunset Land of Souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine !  
    Thou and I have seen them too ;  
On before with beck and sign  
    Still they glide, and we pursue.



More than clouds of purple trail  
    In the gold of setting day ;  
More than gleams of wing or sail  
    Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,  
    Gleams and glories seen and flown,  
Far-heard voices sweet with truth,  
    Airs from viewless Eden blown, —

Beauty that eludes our grasp,  
    Sweetness that transcends our taste,  
Loving hands we may not clasp,  
    Shining feet that mock our haste, —

Gentle eyes we closed below,  
    Tender voices heard once more,  
Smile and call us, as they go  
    On and onward, still before.

Guided thus, O friend of mine !

Let us walk our little way,  
Knowing by each beckoning sign  
That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still with baffled feet,  
Smiling eye and waving hand,  
Sought and seeker soon shall meet,  
Lost and found, in Sunset Land !

## REVISITED.

READ AT THE "LAURELS," ON THE MERRIMACK,  
6TH MONTH, 1865.

THE roll of drums and the bugle's wailing  
Vex the air of our vales no more ;  
The spear is beaten to hooks of pruning,  
The share is the sword the soldier wore !

Sing soft, sing low, our lowland river,  
Under thy banks of laurel bloom ;  
Softly and sweet, as the hour beseemeth,  
Sing us the songs of peace and home.

Let all the tenderer voices of nature  
Temper the triumph and chasten mirth,  
Full of the infinite love and pity  
For fallen martyr and darkened hearth.

But to Him who gives us beauty for ashes,  
And the oil of joy for mourning long,  
Let thy hills give thanks, and all thy waters  
Break into jubilant waves of song!

Bring us the airs of hills and forests,  
The sweet aroma of birch and pine,  
Give us a waft of the north-wind, laden  
With sweet-brier odors and breath of kine!

Bring us the purple of mountain sunsets,  
Shadows of clouds that rake the hills,  
The green repose of thy Plymouth meadows,  
The gleam and ripple of Campton rills.

Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,  
Slaves of fancy, through all thy miles,  
The winding ways of Pemigewasset,  
And Winnepesaukee's hundred isles.

Shatter in sunshine over thy ledges,  
Laugh in thy plunges from fall to fall ;  
Play with thy fringes of elms, and darken  
Under the shade of the mountain wall.

The cradle-song of thy hillside fountains  
Here in thy glory and strength repeat ;  
Give us a taste of thy upland music,  
Show us the dance of thy silver feet.

Into thy dutiful life of uses  
Pour the music and weave the flowers ;  
With the song of birds and bloom of meadows  
Lighten and gladden thy heart and ours.

Sing on ! bring down, O lowland river,  
The joy of the hills to the waiting sea ;  
The wealth of the vales, the pomp of mountains,  
The breath of the woodlands, bear with thee.

Here, in the calm of thy seaward valley,  
Mirth and labor shall hold their truce ;  
Dance of water and mill of grinding,  
Both are beauty and both are use.

Type of the Northland's strength and glory,  
Pride and hope of our home and race, —  
Freedom lending to rugged labor  
Tints of beauty and lines of grace.

Once again, O beautiful river,  
Hear our greetings and take our thanks ;  
Hither we come, as Eastern pilgrims  
Throng to the Jordan's sacred banks.

For though by the Master's feet untrodden,  
Though never his word has stilled thy waves,  
Well for us may thy shores be holy,  
With Christian altars and saintly graves.

And well may we own thy hint and token  
Of fairer valleys and streams than these,  
Where the rivers of God are full of water,  
And full of sap are his healing trees!

## THE COMMON QUESTION.

BEHIND us at our evening meal

The gray bird ate his fill,  
Swung downward by a single claw,  
And wiped his hookéd bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,

And set his head aslant,  
And, in his sharp, impatient way,  
Asked, "What does Charlie want?"

"Fie, silly bird!" I answered, "tuck

Your head beneath your wing,  
And go to sleep";—but o'er and o'er  
He asked the selfsame thing.



Then, smiling, to myself I said:—

How like are men and birds!

We all are saying what he says,

In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,

The girl with hoop and doll,

And men with lands and houses, ask

The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more

We fain the bag would cram;

We sigh above our crowded nets

For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven

The vague desire can stay;

Self-love is still a Tartar mill

For grinding prayers away.

The dear God hears and pities all ;

He knoweth all our wants ;

And what we blindly ask of him

His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers

Might well be merged in one ;

And nest and perch and hearth and church

Repeat, "Thy will be done."

## BRYANT ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

WE praise not now the poet's art,  
The rounded beauty of his song ;  
Who weighs him from his life apart  
Must do his nobler nature wrong.

Not for the eye, familiar grown  
With charms to common sight denied, —  
The marvellous gift he shares alone  
With him who walked on Rydal-side ;

Not for rapt hymn nor woodland lay,  
Too grave for smiles, too sweet for tears ;  
We speak his praise who wears to-day  
The glory of his seventy years.

When Peace brings Freedom in her train,  
Let happy lips his songs rehearse ;  
His life is now his noblest strain,  
His manhood better than his verse !

Thank God ! his hand on Nature's keys  
Its cunning keeps at life's full span ;  
But, dimmed and dwarfed, in times like these,  
The poet seems beside the man !

So be it ! let the garlands die,  
The singer's wreath, the painter's meed,  
Let our names perish, if thereby  
Our country may be saved and freed !

## HYMN

FOR THE OPENING OF THOMAS STARR KING'S HOUSE OF WORSHIP,  
1864.

AMIDST these glorious works of thine,  
The solemn minarets of the pine,  
And awful Shasta's icy shrine, —

Where swell thy hymns from wave and gale,  
And organ-thunders never fail,  
Behind the cataract's silver veil, —

Our puny walls to Thee we raise,  
Our poor reed-music sounds thy praise:  
Forgive, O Lord, our childish ways!

For, kneeling on these altar-stairs,  
We urge Thee not with selfish prayers,  
Nor murmur at our daily cares.

Before Thee, in an evil day,  
Our country's bleeding heart we lay,  
And dare not ask thy hand to stay ;

But, through the war-cloud, pray to thee  
For union, but a union free,  
With peace that comes of purity !

That Thou wilt bare thy arm to save,  
And, smiting through this Red Sea wave,  
Make broad a pathway for the slave !

For us, confessing all our need,  
We trust nor rite nor word nor deed,  
Nor yet the broken staff of creed.

Assured alone that Thou art good  
To each, as to the multitude,  
Eternal Love and Fatherhood, —

Weak, sinful, blind, to Thee we kneel,  
Stretch dumbly forth our hands, and feel  
Our weakness is our strong appeal.

So, by these Western gates of Even  
We wait to see with thy forgiven  
The opening Golden Gate of Heaven!

Suffice it now. In time to be  
Shall holier altars rise to thee,—  
Thy Church our broad humanity!

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,  
Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,  
Its days shall all be holy time.

A sweeter song shall then be heard,—  
The music of the world's accord  
Confessing Christ, the Inward Word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,  
One hope, one faith, one love, restore  
The seamless robe that Jesus wore.



## THOMAS STARR KING.

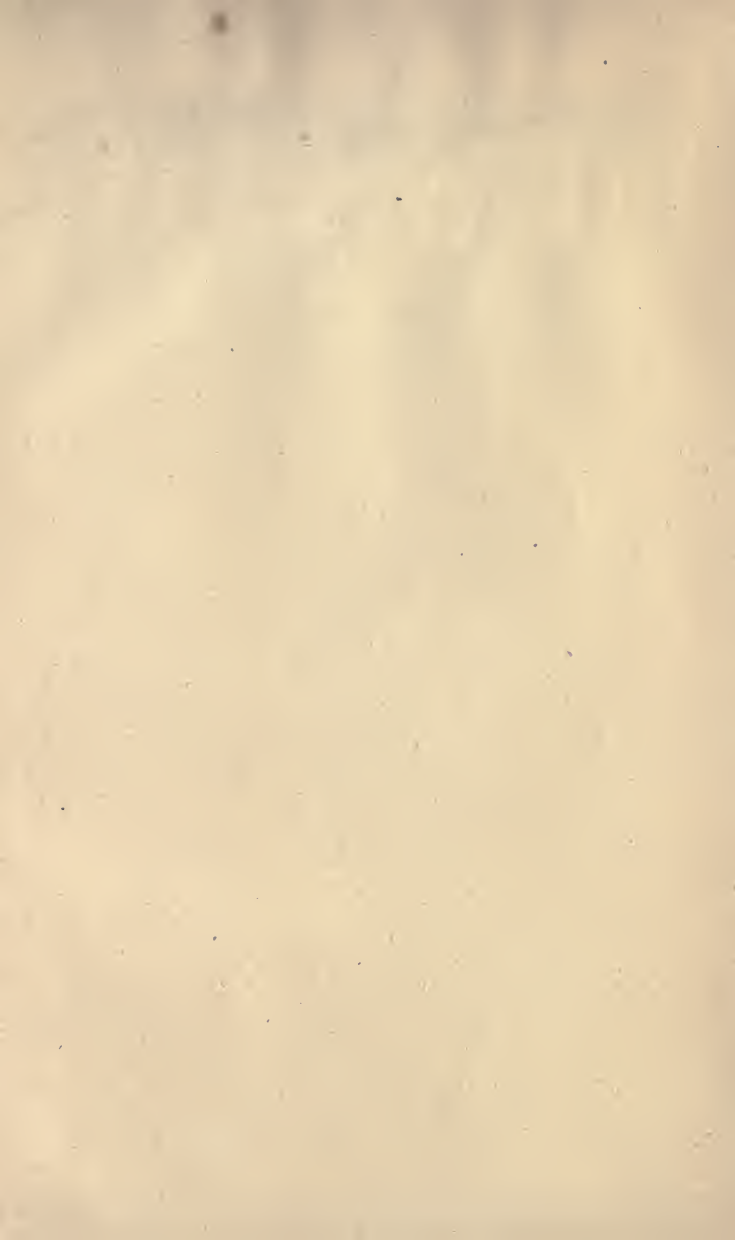
THE great work laid upon his twoscore years  
Is done, and well done. If we drop our tears,  
Who loved him as few men were ever loved,  
We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan  
With him whose life stands rounded and approved  
In the full growth and stature of a man.  
Mingle, O bells, along the Western slope,  
With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope!  
Wave cheerily still, O banner, half-way down,  
From thousand-masted bay and steepled town!  
Let the strong organ with its loftiest swell  
Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and tell  
That the brave sower saw his ripened grain.

O East and West ! O morn and sunset twain  
No more forever !— has he lived in vain  
Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one, and told  
Your bridal service from his lips of gold ?









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